

TODAY
IN

SOCIETY

EXCLUSIVELY YOURS

Observations on Drenched
Welcome of Eisenhowers

By BETTY BEALE

Mrs. Ezra Benson kissed the President's hand. Mamie, Eisenhower wiped the lipstick off her cheek. And Mrs. Sinclair Weeks watched her hemline rise in the rain.

This and more happened at the reception at the National Airport that welcomed the Chief Executive and his wife from the summit back to the salt mines.

Despite the dampness and the informality that went with the unexpected downpour, when President and Mrs. Eisenhower and their son John stepped from the Columbine, it was an impressive moment.

Standing motionless in front of the plane's door while the Star Spangled Banner, played as only the Marine Band can

play it, told them they were home again—at the head of the tall ramp with the sky behind them and a sea of admiring faces below them—fresh from Europe where the President had scored the biggest triumph with his proposal for international military inspection—all this had an effect on those watching.

The wife of Secretary of Agriculture Benson was so carried away by it all that when Ike put his hand out the car window to shake hers, she clasped his hand and kissed it.

Mrs. Eisenhower had been rushed into the car first while her husband faced a flock of microphones. The only women she had greeted were her mother, her daughter-in-law, Pat Nixon and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, jr., so presumably it was one of them who left a smudge of pink on her cheek. **Ladies Discriminated Against**

As a matter of fact, the treatment of the ladies present yesterday morning is proof positive that this is a man's world. While waiting for the plane to come in none of the cabinet nor congressional wives were allowed to cross a yellow line beyond which their husbands mingled freely. Those who had automatically joined the front-line group with their

husbands, not knowing they weren't supposed to, were called back and made to toe the line.

The only way that Mesdames Brownell, Weeks, McKay and Herman Phleger, who know the First Lady far better than their husbands, could even speak to her was by pushing beyond the line when she got into the car.

"Glad to have you back," they called when she saw them and lowered her window. "Glad to be back," answered Mamie. . . . "Did you have a good time?" "Wonderful! We had good weather and everything," smiled Mrs. Eisenhower.

What they should do the next time is put the wives on one side of the pathway to the ramp, the men on the other, and let Mrs. Eisenhower greet her "court" while the President greets his. Ordinarily I'm not for segregation of the sexes, but it's better than oblivion.

As for Jane Weeks' dress rising in the rain, it caused her as much amusement as anybody. The Vice President had ruled out umbrellas.

Rise of Hemline

If Jane Weeks' had had the slightest suspicion it was going to rain, she certainly would not have worn the pretty pink sheer she had on, because every woman knows what happens to sheer when water gets on it. It simply draws up into a knot. When she came out of the MATS terminal leaning on her husband and a cane because of her recently fractured foot, she was chuckling and saying, "I've got to get to the car quickly before this gets any worse." The hem was then at her knees.

Everybody in the whole gathering was in a good humor from the beginning. As early as 8:30 a.m. there was laughing and joking in the air-cooled, snappily decorated Presidential Lounge where the VIP's were ushered. Some VIP's like the Nixons, Mrs. Doud, Barbara Eisenhower and Secretary of Defense Wilson went straight to the field remaining in their air-conditioned cars until time to get out. But most mingled upstairs.

There were Senator and Mrs. Alexander Wiley, Senator and Mrs. Alexander Smith, Senator and Mrs. Mundt, Senator and Mrs. Bender, Representative Katherine St. George, Senator and Mrs. Watkins, Budget Director and Mrs. Rowland Hughes, Lt. Gen. and Mrs. Charles Catell, Civil Service Commissioner and Mrs. Philip Young, and Senators Carlson, Bush, Case of South Dakota, Allott, Kuchel, and Martin of Iowa. But none was as peppy after getting up at 7:30 on a Sunday morning as was Senator Wiley.

Coffee Is Served

Coffee was being served in the lounge and Senator Wiley was drinking some but when the Bensons and their two daughters appeared, the Senator gaily taunted the milk-fed

Secretary for not having milk on hand.

Deputy Undersecretary of State Bob Murphy arrived with his daughter Mildred who had gotten her first by-line in the New York Times the day before.

Representative Peter Frelinghuysen said it was just lucky he happened to be in town this week end and Republican Whip Les Arends was able to get a hold of him Saturday afternoon to tell him about this reception. As a rule he closes his office on Saturdays.

Acting Chief of Protocol Vice Purse said the first thing he knew about the large-scale reception was when he was called over to the White House at 4 on Friday. Members of the White House contingent very much in evidence were Maj. Gen. Jerry Persons, Fred Seaton, Homer Gruenther,

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Gabe Hauge, Jerry Morgan, Max Rabb, Jack Martin, Mrs. Jim Hagerty, Arthur Minnich and Stephen Benedict. Nicaraguan Ambassador Sevilla Sacasa mingled in the lounge, too, while the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, Norwegian Ambassador Morgenstjerne, waited out on the field.

Round about 9 o'clock, everybody went out on the field and began casting dubious looks at the threatening skies. The women began to worry about the future of their bonnets if it rained. Because what happens when you're watching the arrival of a chief of state and it begins to rain? You don't budge. You just stand still and get drenched and bedraggled.

Chapeaux All Wet

Lady Makins' usually soft bangs were flattened down on her forehead and dripping under the veil of her little hat.

But she grinned and bore it. Mrs. Kuchel cheerily observed that her daisies would wilt beyond recognition. Mrs. Tom Martin smilingly observed that her big black hat was serving as an umbrella.

Of course, Mrs. Eisenhower's white toque with its black velvet trim will never be the same. Nor probably her black print suit dress with the black velvet collar. The only thing that was better off for the precipitation was her corsage of red, white and blue flowers.

Senator Knowland was in the throng that greeted the President and "Assistant President" Sherman Adams, Representative Halleck, Army Secretary Brucker, Postmaster General Summerfield, Attorney General Brownell who arrived with four of his own children and three of their friends, Secretaries McKay and Mitchell and Gen. Nate Twining. The only two Democrats glimpsed were the Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee James Richards and FCC Commissioner Bob Bartley. How did the latter happen to show? "They called from the White House and invited me and when the White House invites me I usually go."

A representative from each of the other Big Three countries was there: British Ambassador Sir Roger Makins, French Minister Vimont, and an unidentified member of the Soviet Embassy. The Swiss Charge and Mme. Schnyder were also present.

But the indefatigable Sir Roger was the only one who went back for the arrival of Secretary of State Dulles two hours later. The life of a top Washington official is no cinch even when undrenched.